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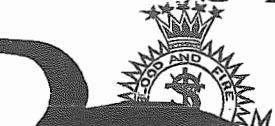
CANADA EAST

BRAMWELL BOOTH, GENERAL.
CHARLES SOWTON, COMMISSIONER.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

PRICE
10
CENTS

WAD CRY



THE SALVATION ARMY

J.E. Laughlin

The Salvation Army Greets You.

May every Christmas Joy be Yours!



BETHLEHEM

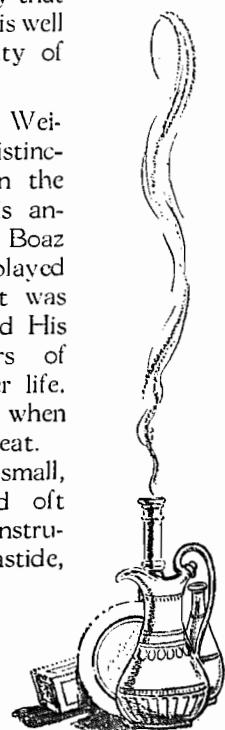
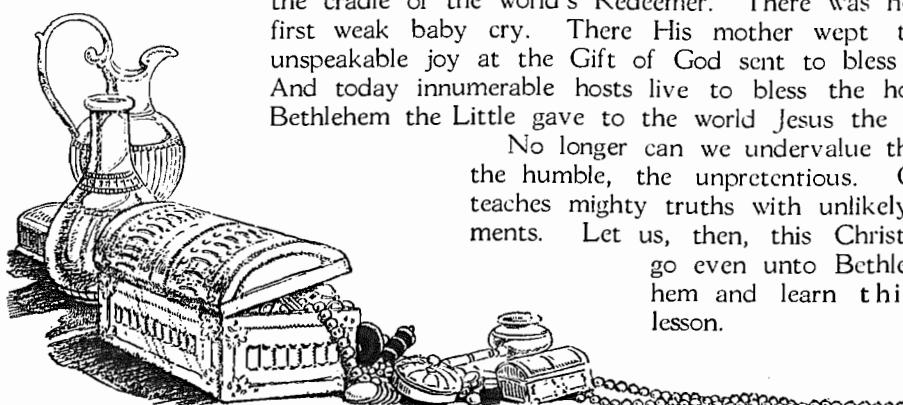
"LET US NOW GO EVEN UNTO BETHLEHEM." Luke 2:15

TIS a dear, familiar invitation echoing across the centuries. True, it was very personal and very circumscribed in its original address, yet we are certain those keepers of the sheep would be glad to have us join their company as they make such a tender pilgrimage.

The place of the nativity was small, inconspicuous, "little among the thousands of Judah" confesses Micah in his ascription, yet startlingly sweet in its memories. We should say that even apart from its crowning honor, Bethlehem is well worthy of a visit from us because of the beauty of its traditions.

Like many another village geographically unimportant,—such as Erfurt, Weimar, Epworth, Nazareth, Valley Forge,—Bethlehem has gained immortal distinction. In fact, through this little hamlet nestling among the Judean hills ran the human line of Jesus. Unless Bethlehem be included, we may not read His ancestral story. 'Twas there that Jacob buried Rachel. There Ruth and Boaz kept tryst. It was "the city of David," the town where Jesse's son played his pranks and sang his songs. But most of all it was the cradle of the world's Redeemer. There was heard His first weak baby cry. There His mother wept tears of unspeakable joy at the Gift of God sent to bless her life. And today innumerable hosts live to bless the hour when Bethlehem the Little gave to the world Jesus the Great.

No longer can we undervalue the small, the humble, the unpretentious. God oft teaches mighty truths with unlikely instruments. Let us, then, this Christmastide, go even unto Bethlehem and learn this lesson.





The Birth of Christ

The Nativity

SO JOSEPH went up from Galilee, from the town of Nazareth, to Judea, to David's town of Bethlehem, because he was of the house and lineage of David to have himself registered together with Mary, who was betrothed to him and was with child. But while they were there her full time came, and she gave birth to her first-born Son, and wrapped Him round, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

Now there were shepherds in the same part of the country, keeping watch over their sheep by night in the open fields, when suddenly an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round them; and they were filled with terror. But the angel said to them, "Put away all fear: for I am bringing you good news of great joy—joy for all the people. For a Saviour, who is the Anointed Lord, is born to you to-day in the town of David. And this is the token for you: You will find a little Child wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." And immediately there was with the angel a multitude of the army of Heaven, praising God and saying:

"Glory be to God in the highest heavens, And on earth peace among men who please Him!"

—The New Testament in Modern Speech.

Everlasting Glory

Blessed Babe of Bethlehem,
Owner of earth's diadem,
Claim and wear the radiant gem.

Scatter darkness with Thy light,
End the sorrows of our night,
Speak the word, and all is bright.

'Tis Thy Israel's voice that calls,
Build again Thy Salem's walls,
Dwell within her holy halls.

'Tis Thy Church's voice that cries,
Rend these long unrended skies,
Bridegroom of the Church, arise!

Take to Thee Thy power and reign,
Purify this earth again,
Cleanse it from each curse and stain.

Let the Dayspring from on high,
That arose in Judah's sky,
Cover earth eternally.

Babe of Bethlehem, to Thee,
Infant of eternity,
Everlasting glory be.



Where Jesus Was Born

IN A STABLE—contemptible in its meaning, degrading in its associations, forlorn in its appearance; by its rudeness of structure and separation from human inhabitants suggesting a significance of birthplace for One who was to become an outcast—"despised and rejected of men."

How prophetic in its rude interior! What symbols of momentous and eternal happenings are its mishapen fittings:

The gnarled and knotted beams supporting the uneven roof, throwing, in their distorted shadows, emblems that upon their like rugged forms was to be stretched this night's Gift in the agonizing throes of the death of Jesus and the birth of a world's Redeemer.

The unkempt shepherds hastening from their flocks upon Bethlehem hills a.e His first worshippers, significant of how the first place was ever given in the God-nature of Christ and the compassion of Jesus to the most lowly and most needy.

May we not discover in the flinty composition of floors and walls (the stable being partially a cave cut out of rock) the distant clatter of falling flints with which in manhood years they stoned Him? And was not the whole of his first dark, inhospitable abode but a preliminary declaration of the whole life that was to follow, misioning the darker and poorer homes of sin and sorrow?



The HOPELESS Corporal.

By
COMMANDANT GALWAY.

in a back room. There he found friends with thirst equal to his own, and there they stayed, treating each other until nearly noon, by which time Bill was thoroughly drunk. Finding his money gone, he started once more for home.

Just outside he staggered against a hydrant. With his brain tottering on the verge of insanity he imagined it to be a man who had pushed him, and immediately offered to fight, striking the iron pillar again and again until his poor hands were bruised and bleeding.

Perhaps this rough treatment and the cold rain sobered him up a bit; at any rate he reached home some time during the afternoon, kicked off his sooping boots by the stove, and proceeded to entertain his fellow boarders with feats of magic and juggling learned in India, until they were tired of him and his tricks and left him while he had supper.

Bill was unable to eat, and as the effects of his last drink left him, the gloom of despair settled upon him, and the fire in his brain threw flickering pictures against the black background of his hopelessness.

He saw Maggie as she turned from him in scorn—no one had ever taken her place—he reviewed his years of military service, began in pride and ended in shame; he saw the wretched, sodden years that had elapsed since, and realized the hopeless misery of the present. And to-morrow would be Christmas Day!

In his weakness, he found strength to make one decision. He would go to the railroad yard nearby, and, under the wheels of the first engine that passed, he would end the whole miserable business. Steadied by the presence of a fixed purpose, he left the house without a word and started for the tracks.

But through the drizzling rain he heard the "boom, boom" of a drum vigorously beaten, and in a dazed way turned and followed it. I can see him now as he came into the Hall and to the mercy-seat. A man of medium height, with a trace of the corporal still noticeable in his walk, caked with the mud of the clay pit, odd boots on his feet, one a man's, the other a woman's, and complete misery stamped on his face.

I haven't seen Bill for some years, but when I saw him last he was marching the streets of that town and calling others with the drum that called him—"The Hopeless Corporal" had become "The Helpful Sergeant."



"He offered to fight, striking the iron pillar again and again"

WHAT A PICTURE of utter hopelessness and abject misery he was! His uniform was torn and dirty, mud and blood had dried on his face and matted his hair, and his bleary eyes were fixed rigidly on the stone floor. His head ached only a little less than his heart, and throbbed with the monotony of madness as he held it between hands that trembled in sympathy with the cold shivers that ran through his whole miserable frame. Corporal Bill Dawson was a beaten man; beaten in body and soul.

Poor old Bill; it was a rocky road he had traveled. To begin with he had had a bad start. As he put it, "He had taken off on the wrong foot." To his parents, as well as to Bill as a baby, the taste of beer was more habitual than the taste of water, and thus Bill came to young manhood with a thirst which proved his downfall.

There in the guard-room his memory went over it all again. The real tragedy had started the night he staggered out of "The Green Shutters" in his home town, just a bit nearer drunk than he had ever been before, and lurched against a passing pedestrian. When he raised his eyes with a mumbled apology, he looked into the indignant face of Maggie Anson, his sweetheart. A kind word or two just then might have made a lot of difference to Bill but Maggie felt humiliated, and saying something about "preferring a decent man," she walked off with a fine look of scorn. When she met Bill the next day he was shamed and apologetic, but she cut him to the heart with the one word "boozier," and left him again.

Bill stood dazed for a few moments, then walked deliberately to the barracks and "took the shilling," and when Maggie saw him again he was a smart young soldier, and it was his face that was scornfully turned the other way.

Everything went well. Bill did his duty, won his lance stripe, and when his regiment was ordered to India, he was a full corporal and regarded as a very reliable man.

Then came the crash. Even in India, Tommy Atkins must have his beer, so of course there was a canteen at the camp. By some means, probably owing to the heat, a quantity of liquor went bad—or went worse!—and a number of men fell sick from drinking it. To prevent a recurrence of this, an order was issued that all the liquor in the stores was to be sampled, and Corporal Dawson was sent down as sampler or taster. So he sampled and tasted until he was helplessly drunk; then they put him on a hand-cart and wheeled him home to bed, and the next day Bill had to sample and taste again.

The result was almost inevitable. To be drunk by the order of a superior was within the law, but when he got drunk on his own account, that was quite another thing! Eventually Bill was arrested. In his drunken frenzy he had fought the Sergeant's guard like a madman, and—well, here he was with his throbbing head and jangling nerves. And to-morrow would be Christmas Day!

We need not go into details of the poor fellow's misery. He went down with a rush now, loss of rank, loss of character, loss of health, constant punishment, ending with the soldier's deepest shame—he was "drummed out of the regiment."

* * * *

Skipping a few years, we find Bill in a little Nova Scotia town, working as a laborer in a clay pit, staying at a cheap boarding house, and drinking harder than ever.

One dismal, rainy morning he went to work as usual, but was just in the pit long enough to be well covered with clay when the boss said it was too wet to work and the gang knocked off. On his way home, wet, dirty and miserable, Bill stopped at a little shop that he knew well, where liquor could be obtained

A PADRE'S Christmas Story

BY MAJOR ERNEST HAREWOOD
AUSTRALIA

A MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . I don't think!" This was a characteristic salutation during the tragic years when Christmas Day, with its biting cold, plus the horror of war, plus the realization of the contrast of the present with the happier memories of the past, plus the utter misery and loneliness which every man felt deep down in his own soul, made each Christmas of active service days a "Merry Christmas . . . I don't think!"

"Are you there, Padre?"

"Yes, Colonel!"

The Padre emerged from his "posse" and stood in the darkness while the Colonel spoke. "You've had a rough time to-day, and will have a difficult task to-morrow recovering the bodies of our boys and burying them. We will be relieved here the following day. Will you then go to Blighty and do the buying for Christmas? Think it over during the night and let me have your proposals in the morning."

The scene of this conversation was in an old quarry at Hardiconv, in France. Half a mile away was the twisted, tangled barbed wire of the Hindenburg line defences. The conversation had been interrupted by the firing of a battery of 9-inch Howitzers. Stray shells were thrown into the quarry during the night, but no one had been caught, thank God!

The Padre had been with his men throughout the day, helping in the evacuation of his wounded comrades. His boots, wrapped up in his tunic, were now under his head, and he tried to sleep, . . . but how useless! He was as wide awake as ever when the stray shells dropped outside his "posse" in the quarry.

The morning of October 1st dawned. For several hours the Padre tried to find his own brother, who also had been through the stunt as a stretcher bearer with a forward Battalion whose Major had that day won his V.C. Disappointed in his quest, and not knowing whether his brother was alive or dead, he turned from Bellicourt to Blighty.

It was his last walk from the line. He heard the 9-inch guns roar for the last time. He ducked; he waited; he hurried. By night-fall he was back at rail-head, and when the morning broke he was wending his weary way coastwards on that most blest of all blest trains . . . the slow, but glorious, old "leave-bus."

It was Sunday, December 12th, of the same year. Church parade had just been held. "Padre," said the acting C.O., "what about all that stuff you bought for Christmas. Is there any trace of it?"

"No, sir! All we know is that it hit France six weeks ago, and has mysteriously disappeared. It will never be traced from this end, our only hope, if we are to have a 'Merry Christmas,' is to start a search from the wharves at Le Havre. I will start for Le Havre immediately after lunch."

"Good, Padre. That's the stuff. Good luck to you!"

At 6 a.m. the next morning, with leaden feet, tired eyes, and an empty sandwich bag, the Padre arrived at the "Florence Booth" Huts, Rouelles, Le Havre. A few good knocks on the window of a certain room, and the familiar voice of Staff-Captain Renshaw was saying, "Who's there?"

Oh, the joy of being inside that hut by a fire, and looking into the faces of comrades! What a glorious wash! And . . . what a breakfast! What "family prayers!" What a fellowship of the Spirit!

In the great maze of the docks at Le Havre the work of the Padre bore fruit. Fifty cases of Christmas goods were discovered in a shed, and that night they were in a truck attached to a goods train heading for the rail-head at Beaumont.

The morning of Christmas eve dawned raw and cold. Every roadside pool in Beaurieux was frozen. Men were roaming around looking for straw, grass, or anything to make the hard, cold, brick floors of miserable billets a little less hard and cold.



Others were looking for any old bag to keep the cold out of some barn-roof.

"A Merry Christmas . . . I don't think," so the salutation rang on Christmas eve. But Quartermasters were telling Company cooks to "rig up an oven, somehow; make a mud one; the C.O. has got a few turkeys, and the Padre's stuff will be here to-day. We'll have a top-hole Christmas." One Company decorated a great barn like a banqueting hall. Into the Cheateau grounds came the Padre on a G.S. wagon, with another following close behind.

Nobody ever listened to a Christmas dinner fizzling with such merriment as these "Aussie" diggers listened to the crackling of those turkeys in the improvised ovens. The Belgian frontier village was merry with laughter and good cheer, despite the snow and ice and the biting cold.

At 11 a.m. the Battalion paraded in a field hard by, up to their top boots in snow, and we had a real Christmas service. Suitable Scripture passages were read, the Padre poured out his soul in a suitable message, carols were sung, and several cables read, one from Commissioner Lay to the Battalion.

Then—how joyous was the scene! What a wealth of good-natured banter was handed out when dinner appeared. What expressive eloquence of those gallant chaps, the Company cooks! With Officers and sergeants waiting on the men, root comradeship was manifest everywhere. What a dinner it was—turkeys, beef, vegetables, pudding, jellies, custard, cake, nuts and chocolate! A Merry Christmas—RATHER!



"Good comradeship was manifest everywhere, and what a dinner!"

The candles flickered and burnt themselves out in many a billet before the blanketed figures on the floor had said the last good-night. Many a day had been lived over again; many a pal sleeping under the frozen surface of the soil had been remembered and honored, and many an unspoken but deep movement of gratitude to God for overshadowing Providence felt. Yea, and many a vow for days undrawn, registered in the heart. "Great God, give to us all grace to fulfill those vows registered deep in hearts on many a distant field."

By midnight the village, in its white mantle, held all the diggers snoring. Many kind deeds, little sacrifices of Christmas dainties, had warmed the hearts of old, worn villagers, and their "Merci, merci Monsieur; bon Noel," had made the diggers' hearts burn with the joy of unselfish service. And so they slept and dreamed.

A Merry Christmas—RATHER!

Three WISE Men



By Ensign Le Roy De Bevoise

**LINCOLN
LIVINGSTONE
LUTHER**

HERE IS A TRIUMVIRATE of Wise Men whose names will shine in letters of gold forever and ever, when those of the first Roman triumvirate, Caesar, Pompey and Crassus, shall have become eternally obscured with the dust of milleniums.

You will remember that the mysterious Magi of the Scriptures were beckoned to Bethlehem's Treasure-Trove by a far-off star

burning a hole in the curtain of the night. The star they glimpsed in the desert was but the precursor of the Sunlight found in the manger. But when, at travel's end, they discovered the Lodestone of their lives, they worshipfully presented rare gifts before the manger-altar.

"Twas somewhat thus with our later day triad of Wise Men, Lincoln, Livingstone and Luther; for each was awake with the rising of his proverbial Eastern Star which, when followed, guided to an appointed Bethlehem. Then, too, each was true to primitive prototype in that he was led to a presentation of life's best gifts upon the altar of human liberty. In this lies their rightful claim to an honored place on the scroll of the world's Wise Men.

Witness the Experience of Abraham Lincoln

The haze of historic distance obscures the distinct outline of those ancient Magi, but here is a Wise Man whom some of our parents and grandparents saw when they were children. Here is no half-mythical figure; rather a warm-blooded personality of but a generation back, who felt a soul-impulse leading him toward something better than rail-splitting in a Kentucky forest.

The star rose upon the horizon of his life when "Honest Abe," as he was called, flat-boated it down the Mississippi to the iniquitous slave-mart of New Orleans. It happened on this wise. A handsome negro maiden stood whimpering on an auction block. Divested of most of her clothing, insulted, mishandled, buffeted, torn cruelly from loved ones, she was "knocked down" by the auctioneer to the highest bidder. Young Abe's sensibilities were horribly shocked at this fiendish injustice, and there and then he resolved, "If ever opportunity is afforded me, I'll give my life to quash this hellish traffic." And he did!

Abraham Lincoln became, in later years, the foremost reformer of the new world. By a stroke of his pen he declared the emancipation of the negroes of North America, and by the sweat of his brow, the sweat of his brain, and the nobler sweat of his heart, he toiled unceasingly for the preservation of a nation "conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Lampooned and maligned by the bitterest of enemies, target of vituperation and spleen, on Saturday, April 14, 1865, at the hands of a fanatic, the Emancipator died a martyr to the cause of freedom, but has since taken his place in the Hall of Fame as the greatest of Americans and one of the wisest of men. Thus has posterity justified Lincoln for following his "star in the east."

Witness the Experience of David Livingstone

He was a contemporary of our first Wise Man, having been born five years later, but on a shore 3,000 miles distant, in Blantyre, Scotland. There is a similarity between the American and the Scot in that each was born of poor parentage, and likewise sent to work at an early age. Like Abe, Davie was a persistent bookworm with an insatiate passion for knowledge, thus in tender years manifesting the first symptom of a wise man.

David Livingstone's start arose in the similitude of smoke. It happened one day when in conversation with no less a personage than Dr. "Bobby" Moffat, the trail-blazer of African Missions. Of the crucial moment Dr. Moffat himself has written thus:

"By and by he (Livingstone) asked me whether I thought he would do for Africa. I said, I believed he would if he would not go to an old station but would advance to unoccupied ground, specifying the vast plain to the north where I had sometimes seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been. Finally he said, 'I will go to Africa!' And he did!"

Moved by the needs of heathen millions, stirred by a vision of the rising smoke of a thousand unmissionized settlements, a dauntless explorer of uncharted regions responded to the voice of God in his soul and set out to win the heretofore untouched ones to Christ. For thirty-three years he zealously endeavored to answer his own prayer, "O Lord, help me to pains this dark continent white." So amid perils oft, prostrated by fever, fatigued by marches, pursued by cannibals, he deliberately laid upon the altar of Africa the gold, frankincense and myrrh of his life.

Then came one tragic morning, May 4, 1873, when, at four o'clock, his negro servants looked into his hut. In the flickering light of a burning candle they discovered their master kneeling at the bedside; his head was buried in his hands upon the pillow. He was dead! His last earthly act was one of prayer for the heathen hordes of the Black Continent. From the posture of a suppliant in a crude hut in Central Africa he was summoned to stand in the Ivory Palaces of his Sovereign Lord. If Lincoln loosed the bonds of a nation, Livingstone purposed to unfetter a continent. He made no mistake in following his star, and for a memorial he needs no towering

granite—for he was Living-stone.

Witness, lastly, the Life of Martin Luther

Our third Wise Man stepped upon the stage of life in Eisleben, Saxony, more than three centuries before Lincoln and Livingstone. It was neither scintillating star, nor suffering slave, nor up-curling smoke that led Martin to the Altar of Consecration—he was literally shocked to his knees by a streak of lightning.

Martin Luther was unlike either of the fore-mentioned two personalities in practically every circumstance of life. For one thing he was advantaged by attendance at the schools of learning in his day. He earned his Master of Arts degree while a young man—and shortly afterwards espied the providential star.

Worldly Martin met his Nemesis towards the end of June, 1505, upon the visit to his home where he sought rest after a period of taxing study. Doubtless he also sought rest of conscience, for he was at the time a confessed rebel against the Divine Urge which bid him become a monk and give his life to God. The young student, in meditative mood, neared Erfurt, when suddenly a terrific storm broke over his head, and a flash of lightning streaked the sky and came so near as to almost blind his eyes. A-tremble with fear, he dropped prostrate to earth and cried in frightened accents, "Help, Anna, beloved saint! I will be a monk!" A few days later, true to his oath, he bade farewell to his friends and, amidst tears and wailings, entered the gates of the Augustinian Convent.

Luther followed the gleam—and the result? Protestantism, world-girdling, emancipating, powerful. He proved the gallant leader in God's hands to shatter the manacles of superstition, cunning priesthood, and ecclesiastical corruption, and ushered in the glorious reformation of religious liberty to the sons of men.

Three Wise Men there were—Lincoln, Livingstone and Luther; these three—but the greatest of these was Luther. Lincoln was Faith, Livingstone was Hope, but Luther was Love. If Lincoln

planned the freedom of a nation, and Livingstone of a continent, then Luther set in motion the dynamic that has proven the liberating force of the Universal Church of God!

Learn, also, that in Kingdom-building God is no respecter of nationalities, for one was an American, one a Scot, another a German. The Grace of God summarizes the purposes of great men—liberation for captives. Herein lies the amazing might and unity of The Salvation Army—it is a league of peoples out of eighty different countries and all with focussed purpose—"Salvation for every nation." How pertinent here is that epigram of the General's, "Every land is my Fatherland, because every land is my Father's land."



The SECRET OF HIS RULE

BY THE GENERAL



W

E HAIL the Christmas season as the anniversary of our King's birth. Our eyes turn to the manger, and our hearts to Mary, for a thousand and one reasons, but the chiefest is that Jesus was born in Bethlehem as the Divine Son and the Royal Branch.

Standing at the manger, and looking over the hills of hatred and suffering, we can already see the great white Throne. From the wilderness of the Temptation we can even catch a glimpse of the marriage supper of the Lamb. In the darkness around the cross we have visions of a great multitude, which no man can number, casting their crowns at the feet of the Crucified. Written large on all the life of Jesus there is, in fact, the witness that He will triumph. We know and feel it. It is revealed even when it is not stated. It is assured even when not promised.

But I do not think that it is by virtue of this that Jesus Christ has exerted His greatest influence on the hearts of men. To be a king, to be in the royal line, is a great thing; and to be the Divine King is infinitely greater. History abounds with examples of great monarchs who have not ruled, and of true rulers who have had no royal blood and no kingly throne. And just as there are facts in human experience which have made kings

necessary and possible, so are there principles by which alone it is possible to rule.

The kingship and rule of Jesus Christ our Lord was no exception. But what of His rule? There another principle comes into operation. On what is His rule based? By what agency does He extend His authority until it becomes control? And here it must be remembered that He aspires to rule men's hearts. His kingdom is moral and spiritual first, and then physical and material. That is why it will endure for ever.

By what, then, does He rule? Is it not by His compassion? Has not that been the chief influence which has drawn men to Him, and held them in His service?

Just think for a moment of one or two commonplace facts.

THE CHILDREN

At least three-fourths of the human family are always little children. To what does He owe the influence He exercises in the minds and hearts of multitudes of these little ones? His exalted throne? His royal lineage? His majesty? No; I think not to these, but to the revelation of His pity, His sympathy, His patience, His sweet, forgiving grace, His tender compassion as a Saviour. To them He is the "Friend above all others"—the lowly One, the "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild." Viewing Him thus, they confess to Him in sin, they fly to Him in sorrow.

THE SORROWFUL

Sorrow is the most common of all human experiences. There are no homes without it, and there are very few hearts which have not tasted of its cup. Earth is a vale of tears. Sooner or later all men suffer. "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," and to millions of men Christ has appeared in their affliction and taken possession of their lives.

What was the secret of His influence over them? Was it His dominion from sea to sea? Was it even His victory over death and His kingly conquest of the grave? Was it His sovereign throne of power? No, I do not think it was thus He won them; but, as "the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief," who learned obedience by the things that He suffered, and who could compassionate with them in their sorrows also.

If it is only by His continual compassion that our Master obtains and maintains His rule, will it not be by a similar means that we may hope to bless and influence the souls of men? Yes; that has been already the great lesson of The Salvation Army. It is founded on sympathy, on a universal compassion. We aspire to rule men's hearts. It is by tenderness we shall win; by seeking them in their sorrows and sins; by making them feel our true heart-hunger over them, our true love, our entire union with the Christ in His compassion for them.



A PERSONAL SAVIOUR

BY MRS BOOTH.

MANY SALVATIONISTS throughout the world are testifying this Christmas of an hour of miracle, when they learnt by experience that Jesus lives. They are telling of wonderful moments when the living Jesus showed them His pierced hands and His wounded side as to unbelieving Thomas, and overcome with love and adoration, they bowed at His feet. Has this miracle taken place in your life?

The condescension of the Divine Father in sending His Son not only to live in human flesh as a man, but to be a Babe on earth, has much to do with the appeal of the Christmas season. A babe makes a strong appeal to all.

Before our faith can lay hold on His perfect humanity, before we can realize Him hanging on the Cross for our sins, and rising again for our justification, we must accept Him as the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. Yes! it was this Babe who became our great High Priest; "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." He was God, yet He came down to meet our weakness! He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor.

The thought in my mind—the thought I would pass on this Christmas-time—is well expressed by Lieut.-Colonel Catherine in her book, "Messages to the Messengers": "To me it seems that the more we can realize the personality of Jesus, the more definitely our love will go out to Him."

You, reader, have perhaps reached cross roads of life, where conflicting claims arrest you. Are you pausing in uncertainty as to which road to tread? Jesus still says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." He also says, "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in Heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother."

Read This Story to your Children on Christmas Morn

By CAPTAIN JOHN WOOD

HIS BIRTH

PICTURE the little town of Bethlehem nestled among the Judean hills and overlooking the plains where Ruth, the ancestress of Jesus, once gleaned behind the reapers, and where David, the youngest son of a large family, tended his father's sheep.

On one of these plains, about a mile from Bethlehem, a bare and neglected Chapel now stands, known as "The Angel to the Shepherds." Here, it is supposed, the humble shepherds of the epic Christmas story, watching their flocks by night, were startled by the appearance of a radiant stranger who told them of the birth of a Babe—"a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

But the heavenly visitor made a still more startling announcement. This Child, Who was of royal descent, would be found "lying in a manger." And when the wondering shepherds had climbed the slopes to the grey ridge on which the little town of Bethlehem stood, and sought out the village inn, they found that it was even as the Angel had said. In one of the many caves which are found in the limestone rocks of these hills, and over which has risen the Church and Convent of the Nativity, these men found the Child Jesus. His crib was a manger: the coarse hay of the fields, His bed; and the cattle, His companions. How humbly Jesus came! The shepherds returned to their flocks, glorifying and praising God and telling all whom they met of the wonderful happening which had been disclosed to their eyes.

About this time, several wise men, in a far-off country, saw a new star in the sky, and knowing it to be the star of the Messiah, journeyed together towards Palestine to discover Him Whom the star heralded. On reaching Jerusalem, they made urgent inquiry for the Child, but none seemed to know His whereabouts. King Herod, who ruled over that part of the country, heard of the distinguished visitors from the East, and their inquiry for a newly-born King greatly alarmed him. Calling his own wise men together, he bade them tell him where this Christ should be born, and they answered, "In Bethlehem of Judea, for thus it is written by the prophet."

Herod, having commanded the visitors to be brought before him, talked privately with them, sending them to Bethlehem and telling them to inform him immediately they found the Child, in order, as he said, that he might go and worship Him also. A crafty villain, of a truth, was Herod!

The wise men left the Holy City, and the star which had led them to Jerusalem went before them and stood over the place where the young Child lay. Then they "rejoiced with exceeding great joy." Entering the house—for by this time Mary and the Babe had

moved from the stable—these learned men bowed down and worshipped Jesus, presenting to Him gold, and frankincense and myrrh.

They offered gold because Jesus was a king; frankincense because He was the Son of God; and myrrh because He was a man. That night they were warned by God in a dream not to return to Herod, so they departed to their own country another way.

Shortly after this, Joseph, the espoused of Mary, was warned of God in a dream and told to flee into Egypt, and not to return "until I bring thee word."

Joseph fled with the Holy Child, as He had been bidden, and wisely so, for it was not long afterward that the wicked Herod ordered all boys of under two years of age to be killed.

Herod died very shortly after this, and Joseph retraced his steps with his family to his own country. As they approached their old homeland they heard that one of Herod's wicked sons, Archelaus, reigned in his father's stead. Fearing that they would not yet be safe in Bethlehem, and being guided once again by the Angel, they journeyed eighty miles further into Galilee, settling at Nazareth.

HIS BOYHOOD

Not much is written in the Gospel stories of the Childhood of Jesus, but here and there are glimpses which reveal the beauty of His character even as a lad. There are many stories of these early days written by other than Bible authors, but very few of these can be vouched for. But we can imagine that He lived as many another boy: sharing with His brothers and sisters, of whom it is believed there were six, the plain fare of that Nazareth home; obedient and respectful to the wishes of His parents, just as all boys and girls should be.

It was at the age of twelve that Joseph and Mary took Jesus to Jerusalem to celebrate the annual Passover Feast. What deep emotions must have stirred the heart of Jesus as he journeyed, and how His boyish heart must have swelled with pride as He gazed for the first time upon the Holy City and upon the glittering walls of the great Temple, with its gilded roof and marble colonnades! Tens of thousands of people flocked to this feast, which lasted for a week and which might be likened to a great Army Congress.

The Feast finished, Mary and Joseph started homeward under the impression that Jesus was with some of His little cousins or playmates in the journeying crowd, and some hours elapsed before they discovered that He was not with them. Returning to Jerusalem they sought for three days before they found Him in the Temple surrounded by learned doctors, listening to their words of wisdom, and asking questions which amazed them. How delighted was Mary that she had at last found her Son, and when she gently reproved Him for causing her so much anxiety. He replied, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Thus we see that early in life Jesus realized, and sought to carry out, His Heavenly Father's will, and it is said of Him that after he had returned to Nazareth He "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

HIS WORK AND HIS DEATH

Although comparatively little is written about the first thirty years of the life of Jesus, the Gospel stories are full of the happenings of the three intense years which followed.

An eighteen-year silence following the Temple incident is broken when Jesus came, for the first time into public life at the River Jordan. There, John the Baptist, clothed in his coat of camel's hair and his leathern girdle about his loins, was sternly urging the people to repent of their sins. Although He had never seen Jesus, John knew Him as the Son of God of Whom he was the witness. Jesus was baptized by John as a sign to the Jews that He had not come to destroy their law, but to fulfil it.

As Jesus ascended from the waters, the Spirit of God in the form of a dove alighted upon His head and a voice from Heaven cried, "This is my beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased." Our belief in the Holy Trinity is partly buttressed by this event, for we see here three Beings—Father, Son and Spirit.

Three busy years of preaching followed, during which time the Jewish priests, inspired by jealousy, and the Pharisees, who hated Him because His teachings were so contrary to what they practised, plotted to take His life. Their villainous plans were successful and Jesus was crucified. But three days afterward He arose and showed himself to His disciples. Forty days later He ascended into Heaven—a King who shall reign for ever and ever.



Our Christmas Pictorial



Christmas greetings

from the Commandant

To friends and friends old and new,
I send my warmest greetings. May the
Christmas tide, with its message of peace and
goodwill, bring to each heart a fresh blessing
of love of God, a realization of what the
coming of the Saviour meant to the world
and a greater realization of what we all may
become through faith in him.

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



COMMISSIONER DAVID RAILTON
(Promoted to Glory, 1913)



"OUR MOSES"
WILLIAM BOOTH

Founder of The Salvation Army
(Promoted to Glory, August 20th, 1912)



COMMISSIONER DAVID REES
(Promoted to Glory, 1914)



COMMISSIONER HENRY HOWARD
(Promoted to Glory, 1923)



COMMISSIONER JOHN LAWLEY
(Promoted to Glory, 1922)



COMMISSIONER WILLIAM McALONAN
(Promoted to Glory, 1925)



CONSUL EMMA BOOTH-
TUCKER,
the second daughter of
The Founder
(Promoted to Glory, 1903)

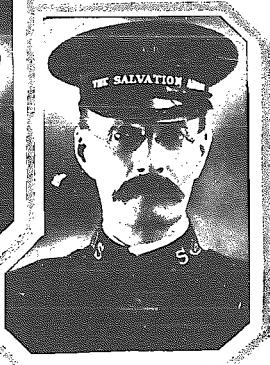


COMMISSIONER ARTHUR BATES
(Promoted to Glory, 1924)

OUR FIRST FIELD-MAJORS



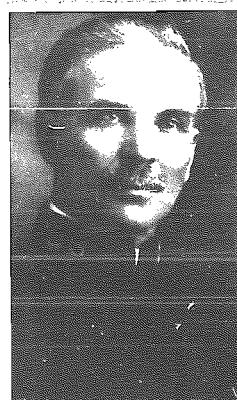
FIELD-MAJOR AND
MRS. JOSEPH
HIGDON



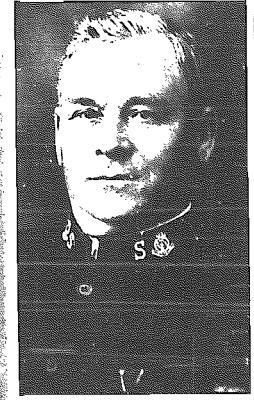
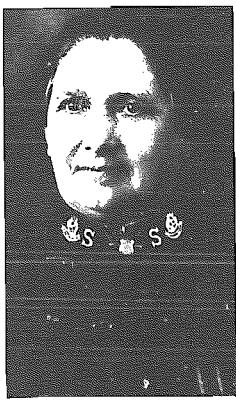
FIELD-MAJOR AND
MRS. DUNCAN P.
MCCRAE



FIELD-MAJOR AND MRS. ARTHUR SHEARD



FIELD-MAJOR AND MRS. JAMES MERCER



FIELD-MAJOR AND MRS. EBENEZER HISCOCK



ONE NIGHT IN THE BIRTH HOUR OF THE G



HISTORY abounds with records of happenings which have transpired between dusk and dawn. Many of them are tragic, others are joyous; some thrill and inspire us and are pregnant with teaching, and there are others full of pathos.

One night above all others is rightly acclaimed Holy Night. In all the calendar there is none other like unto this. It came nineteen centuries ago and there was nothing unusual about it that could be observed from any other night in the year. During the day the sun had shone. In the evening the moon and stars appeared in their usual glory; business and society went on in their usual routine—and sin was abroad in the world. Yet this night about which we write was the most remarkable night since the stars sang together in the beginning. Towards it four thousand centuries of struggle and prophecy had been looking. Patriarchs, prophets and poets had sung, written, preached and hoped for this climactic hour. The world's forces had been gathering and accumulating. The momentum gathered out of suffering, pestilence and war had been getting ready for this night, which was to be the birth-night of the greatest happening in history.

That which made this night different from all the others was the coming of the One of whom Moses and the prophets did write: One whose coming was as a "thief in the night." The wise rabbis and seers did not know or believe; those versed in the intricate things of law were utterly unconscious of what was taking place among the far-away hills of Judea. The blind, simul and unbelieving world did not know. Even the little town of Bethlehem, with crowded inns and hurrying feet and restless protests against the authority of Rome, was ignorant of the dream of the ages that was being enacted. In the dreamy land of the Orient, however, miles across the barren waste and desert, a group of wise men were feeling after God that they might find Him. They knew when the Star appeared that it was worthy of being followed, and they followed it to the manger. Then out of the Judean hills a band of lowly shepherds—men who belonged to the lowest stratum of society—unlearned in the things of government or astronomy, and who knew little about religion, saw, believed, rejoiced, and followed. The magi and the shepherds, the world's extremes, came to a common level. These two extremes found the Babe because of their attitude. They were not wise in their own conceits, and since their day not one has found Him who did not have this same frame of mind.

Holy Night was the birth-night of the Man Child; and, while the highest interest of Heaven and the highest concern of earth were focused around that manger cradle, if you could have peeped in through the cracks of that stable door, you would have heard His pitiful cry and noted His helplessness, just as other scenes of like character would produce. Thank God for the human side of Jesus! No holy or celestial light circled round His brow as the superstitious artists have painted Him. The Babe of Bethlehem was human as well as Divine; but in the coming of that Child to the earth, Heaven made its greatest contribution to a sin-burdened world and the two extremes of society acknowledged the first Christmas Gift.

That "night in the long ago" was a Holy Night because Love was born. The saints had but a vague notion of this Love, so pure, so unselfish, so satisfying and so holy. It is a love that has met the highest demands of human nature. Because of that night we can love in a manner that was never possible before.

Again, that "night in the long ago" was a Holy Night because peace was born for all the world—or sufficient for all the world. He was, and is, and shall be, the Prince of Peace. He stepped out on a storm-tossed world; and His message that night, as was

THE LONG AGO

ATEST HAPPENING IN HISTORY

sung by Heaven's choir, is the same Voice that has sounded down the ages in every human heart that bids Him enter—"Peace be still."

It was a Holy Night because when the Babe cried in the manger it was the beginning of a campaign which would ultimately end in the complete and lasting overthrow of Satan. The power of Hell was challenged and the wrath of Hell was stirred. The crowned monarch in his palace raved and cursed and was not satisfied until he shed the blood of the innocent. He sought the blood of every male child in Bethlehem, hoping thus to embrace with his hellish design the Holy Babe, who was to be "King of kings and Lord of lords."

Then, it was a Holy Night because there was born the consciousness of Immortality. When this transcends our rapturous imagining on the Everlasting Hills of Glory some sweet day, earthly separations of those who live in Him will be ended and there will be an eternal re-union.

This Holy Night of the long ago gave birth to a Power, a saving power, a power of which the world only knew by figure and symbol. This power was one that was to be greater than the power of sin, the penalty of sin and the consequences of sin. It was to hold the mastery of the Wrath to come.

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the fighting host of God
Be saved to sin no more."

It was a Holy Night because a King was born—the King of Righteousness—One whose throne was to be everlasting, from whose hand the sceptre would never depart. No power on earth can dethrone Him: nations may rebel against His government, but He rules; devils may marshal their forces against Him, but when they have done their worst, He still reigns supreme. Forces may fling themselves against His throne, only to be broken like the waves of the sea hurled against the rocks. He is our King and seeks to rule in our lives, not in name only, but in deed and truth. Not only is He King, but He is Judge. When all the monuments of crowned heads and rulers have decayed, His throne will blaze out in all its effulgent glory as He restores the world to its original righteousness.

Christmas night of 1925, which should be to every one as a Holy Night because of its memories and associations, will carry our minds backward to that first Holy Night, and the tremendous issues that were then born. All human and Divine hopes cluster about that night. God and Satan, Heaven and Hell, Light and Darkness vied with each other in the terrific warfare that then began. At the realization of that mysterious incarnation, sin must finally go down beneath the horizon for ever. But let us not only think of that Holy Night in the long ago, but let us treasure the Morning of that night as it comes to us in the Person and fulfilment of Him Who is alive, and was dead, and is alive for evermore. Let us tune our hearts with the holy music that was sung on the Judean hills and gird ourselves to meet the King when He comes in His glory.

Then, forward! soldiers, true and brave,
We serve a grand and noble King;
He leads us on, and soon He will
Us to His home in glory bring.



Eminent MAPLE LAND Salvationists



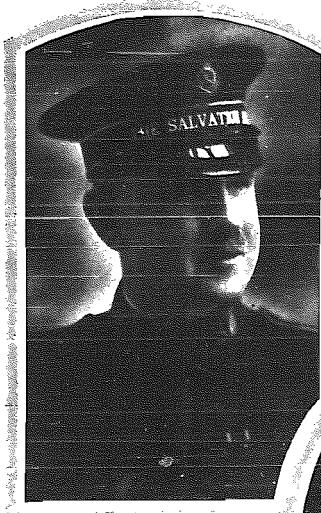
LIEUT.-COLONEL ANNIE COWDEN,
Women's Social Secretary, U.S.A. Central



COLONEL WILLIAM A. McINTYRE, D.D.,
Provincial Officer, U.S.A. Eastern



LIEUT.-COLONEL LUTIE DesBRISAY,
Women's Social Secretary, Canada East



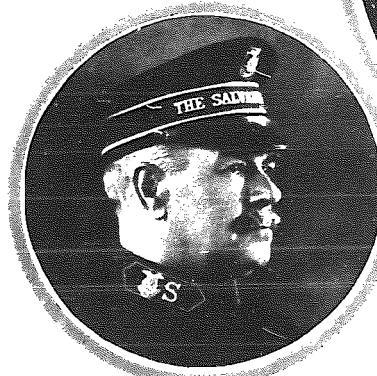
COLONEL JOHN
McMILLAN,
Chief Secretary, Great Britain



COLONEL STEPHEN MARSHALL,
Provincial Officer, U.S.A. Eastern



COLONEL WILLIAM J. B.
TURNER,
Chief Secretary, U.S.A. Western

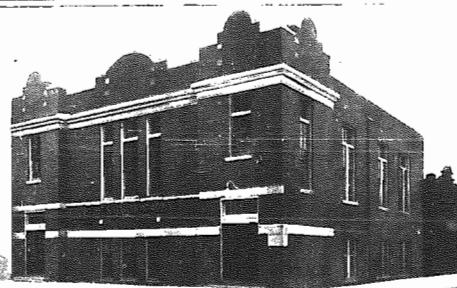


COLONEL JOHN C. ADDIE,
Spiritual Special, U.S.A. Central



COLONEL GIDEON MILLER,
Field Secretary, Canada East

Some Salvation Army "Centres"



TORONTO I. CITADEL,
HOME OF QUEEN CITY'S
PARENT CORPS



THE CATHERINE BOOTH
MOTHERS' HOSPITAL,
MONTREAL



THE TERRITORIAL HEAD-
QUARTERS AND TEMPLE,
TORONTO



WILLIAM BOOTH MEMORIAL
TRAINING GARRISON,
TORONTO



RECENTLY ERECTED
CHILDREN'S HOME,
OTTAWA



GRACE MATERNITY HOS-
PITAL, ST. JOHN'S,
NEWFOUNDLAND



We celebrate again the coming of
the Prince of Peace — the Pioneer of Life!
How splendid are His conquests! How rich
in the highest and the best things are
those who trust Him! We must be faithful
and proclaim Him more and more.

Miss E. Fowler
/ Chap. Secretary



The Viking's Path, and the White Christ

By Brigadier James Turner



"I come in the Name of the Greatest of All,
To bid you heed the Christ-Child's call,
Who came from Heaven to men;
From the skies the angels sang Him to earth,
The wise, the great, bowed down at His
birth,
God's peace was proclaimed again.

"I come in His Name, for your peace, not
war,
He is greater than Woden, stronger than
Thor,
Yet humble and kingly withal;
The seas at His Word lay calmed as a lake,
Demons and death sped afar as He spake,
And the sick, he cured them all.

"And He changed men's hearts from hate
to love,
Gave light for dark, and thus did prove
His Godhead's wondrous claim;
His heart He bowed to His Father's Will,
And died the great plan to fulfil,
But in three days rose again.

"This, this is the day of His wondrous birth,
This, this is the time of Joy on earth
That thee and thy braves may share;
On bended knee His Kingship own—
In humbled hearts He builds a throne;
He answers each sinner's prayer.

"Conqueror of Death, and Sin, and Shame,
Immanuel is the White Christ's Name,
I come in His Name to thee;
And tho' thy hands are dipped in blood,
I tell you, such is the Love of God
You all forgiven may be."

Jarl, the Sea Rover of fearsome mien,
Defiant of heart as e'er man had been,
In a Northern coast cave was hiding;
He'd sworn to the death any who dared
To venture near, and thus, well scared,
None shadowed his rocky abiding.

His viking crew of plunderers all
Leapt at his wish, or nod, or call,
To fire, or flood, on sea or land,
Daring and strength lined every face,
For fear none had in his heart a place,
Nor trembled a single hand.

Never a creek but they knew it well,
The coasters, awed by their battle yell,
Fought but to lose against such braves;
Cattle and crops and wealth they took,
Heedless of babe's cry, or mother's look;
Young men became their slaves.

But a warrior bolder than Jarl was sent,
On a Christmas morn, to relate the Event
Of the coming of Bethlehem's King;
And he dared their guarded rest to break,
To say to them all for his Saviour's sake,
God had told him this news to bring.

Standing aback to the rising sun
Jarl stood before him, awestruck and dumb,
Listening with heart afame;
Whilst from the inmost caverns of the cave
Streamed every warrior, seadog, slave,
To hear of the Mystic Name.

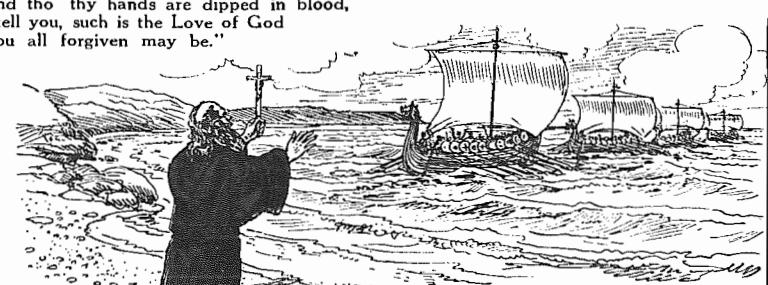
Lifting his spear t'wards the golden sun,
Jarl spoke, as a father, to each son
Of the band of wild seamen;
"Braves! If this tale of the White Christ's
true,
He shall change thy hearts, and my heart,
too;
We'll be His true Norsemen."

All knees were bent, all heads bowed low,
The dirge of their past moaned low and
slow,
The cave their prayers repeating;
And the echoed voices of empty hearts
Found answer in Heaven, whilst praises
start,
For the powers of Hell's retreating.

Then Jarl and his vikings sailed away,
Away to their lands, from their sins to stay,
And do the White Christ's Will;
So Evangel waved them off to sea,
He heard their singing, the Song of the
Free,
And the echoes are singing it still.



Editorial Note—It is a remarkable fact that the only land that has ever had ten Kings, each of whom was known as "King Christian" is Denmark, the land to which the Vikings returned.



The NIGHT The EMPRESS of IRELAND FOUNDED

BY
LIEUT-COL. ATTWELL



MAY 29th, 1914! The date seems to have burnt itself deep into memory. Who is there, especially among Canadian Salvationists of mature years, who can ever forget it? It sounded the depths of human fear, hope, anguish, faith, distress and trust.

Most "War Cry" readers will recall the morning, but the younger generation have but faint knowledge of the harrowing disaster that sent one thousand and forty-six souls to a watery grave, of which number one hundred and sixty-seven were Salvation Army Officers and Soldiers. For the sake of the young people and as a tribute to the memory of those devoted Salvationists, it seems fitting that occasionally some reference be made to the event, and the memory of the dear "loved and lost" be kept green.

The solution of the "why" of the tragedy is not in our power. One gets weary in pondering it. Let us, therefore, leave it in the hands of Unfailing Love.

It was a happy company that left the Farewell Service at the Temple on Wednesday, May 27th, and marched down Yonge Street to take the special train for Quebec at 11:30, with Commissioner Rees and Colonel Maldin leading the procession. The sidewalks were crowded with citizens and friends, wishing us well, and I have no doubt, sorry they were not among the happy, expectant voyagers to London and the International Congress. In all this wide world I doubt whether a happier party ever set out on a long journey.

I find my heart strangely moved as I write and recall our entry into Quebec, on that memorable Thursday afternoon, and the gay scene as we boarded the "Empress." I can vividly picture our first rush to see what our cabins looked like, our first glimpse at the dining room, and the sense of satisfaction at the thought that there seemed to be nothing to mar our comfort.

Then came the short musical program by the Band on the main deck and as the ship pulled out into the stream, the strains of "God be with you till we meet again."

Dinner found every Salvationist at the table. We made a brilliant picture in our uniforms. The ship being yet in the river, there were, of course, no cases of sickness. All were jubilant. Conversation centred around the coming Congress, and the glad anticipation of meeting old Officer friends, the delegations from every country in the world, the strange

costumes, the glorious gaieties, Crystal Palace Day, the scenes of childhood days by those born in the British Isles, the thrilling music of the best Bands in The Army, and a hundred and one other delights that would appeal to a Salvationist. The evening was warm and the scenery on both sides of the mighty St. Lawrence captivating. The setting sun touched the mountains with its rays, and from the deck of the "Empress" it looked like fairland. The Staff Bandsmen gathered on the main deck as darkness crept over the scene, and sang some old favorites that appeared to give pleasure to a large crowd of passengers. But it had been a long day, and we were getting tired, so one by one we disappeared below and laid down to rest, weary, but happy. What a short rest it was, and what an awakening!

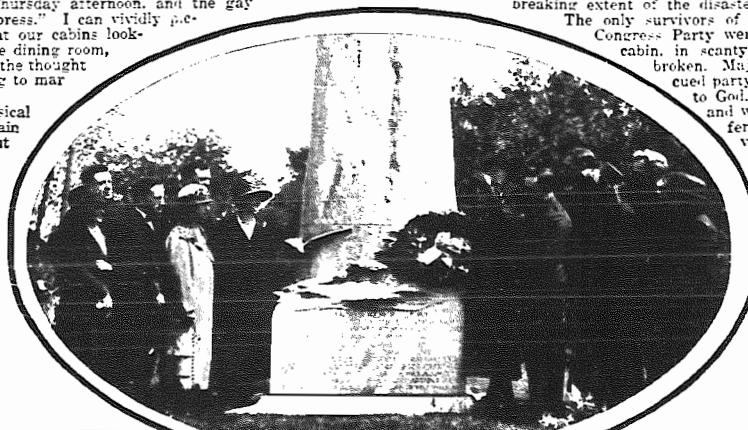
Can you picture the scene? The calm waters of the St. Lawrence, the "Empress" with its precious cargo gradually steaming down the river, dropping the pilot at Father Point, and setting out under Captain Kendall, about

1 a.m. in clear weather, for the open sea not many miles ahead. A collier boat coming up the river in full view and suddenly the fog! The "Empress" shutting off her steam. The collier coming through that cruel blow that sent the ocean liner under the waters in less than ten minutes, the collier remaining afloat, and rescuing a small number of the liner's passengers from those icy waters, most of them in the last stages of exhaustion. The history of that short ten minutes must be brief. From a sound sleep the slight shock suddenly awakened us. A vague sense of danger induced me to rise and open the cabin door. The long corridor was well lit, and appeared quite normal, but on stepping back into the cabin I distinctly felt the boat starting to list. Shall I ever forget the profound horror of that moment? Mrs. Attwell and I frantically grasped a few pieces of clothing and rushed to the companionway. We were not two seconds too soon, for as we reached the stairs, to our dismay we saw the flood of water tearing down the very door of our cabin, and we felt that not a single soul left in those berths could leave their living tomb. The great ship turned over on its side gradually, but surely, and only those few who were fortunate enough to climb over on the plates of the ship had any possible chance of being saved. Hundreds of men, women and children were hopelessly imprisoned in their cabins, and one's heart turns faint at the thought of their dying moments in absolute darkness, for the lights were cut off shortly after the collision. We watched, in agony, the bow of the great "Empress" sink beneath the water, and soon found ourselves in the icy embrace of the river St. Lawrence. It was a desperate struggle for life. We summoned to our aid every ounce of strength in our possession, and pushed through the waters. At last we drew near a lifeboat and were dragged over its side. We lay like logs in the bottom of the lifeboat, truly more dead than alive.

Reaching the Storstadt, the rescued passengers and seamen gradually increased until there were no more to save, and then we realised the heart-breaking extent of the disaster.

The only survivors of that splendid Salvation Army Congress Party were those now gathered in that cabin in scanty garb, trembling and heart-broken. Major Frank Morris called the rescued party to prayer and lifted his heart to God, in gratitude and supplication, and we were soon afterwards transferred to the "Eureka" and conveyed to Lévis. The news of the disaster had by this time spread the world.

On May 29th of each year survivors meet at the "Empress" Monument in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, where are interred the remains of the Salvationists whose bodies were recovered, and there pay our tribute of respect to those promoted to "Saints of the Cross" who have already spent eleven Christmases in the Better Land. We shall see them again.



REMINISCENCES

By
LIEUT-COLONEL PERRY

our lawful rights, I offered an explanatory word to the officer, and proceeded to give out another song, at which he promptly arrested me.

Such happening naturally gave the few Salvationists who were with me a larger audience than usual, and we did not waste the opportunity of making the most of it. Very soon the police wagon arrived, and before long I heard the key turning in the lock as the door of the cell was closed upon me.

While praising God that I was there by His grace as an innocent man, rather than as a law breaker, a piece of dry bread was handed in to me, with the intimation that it was my supper, and then the key was turned on me for the night. But the Lord had other plans for me, and in a short time I was told to get ready and go to the office. There I found Mr. Foster, a business man in the locality, had come to stand bail for me.

Signifying the necessary document he pointed to the \$100 forfeit if I did not appear in court next day, and said to the police official, "I guess you know I am reputed to be worth \$100,000?" and on receiving an answer in the affirmative he went on, "Very well then, let me sign a thousand of these papers right now, you will have to arrest

more than that number before you can stop these people in their work!" This generous offer was not accepted, but its effect on the police official was visible on his face.

Next day the Magistrate — a liquor dealer, by the way — heard of my wickedness at great length, but as the head and front of my offending consisted of having loudly shouted in the open-air:

"Come ye sinners, drifting downwards,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power!
He is able, He is willing, doubt no more—
the Magistrate, with some attempt at solemnity,
gave me a salutary admonition and bade me go.
Hallelujah!"

THE FOLLOWING FRAGMENTS, written in response to Editorial request, are selected from a crowd of memories in the hope that their lesson and inspiration may not only interest, but be of real service to some who read, by encouraging them in their fight for God.

* * *

One day when a Cadet in the Training Garrison at the Clapton Congress Hall, London, Eng., I found myself on Finsbury Pavement selling "War Crys." Even in those days (this was early in 1883) The Army was already sufficiently well understood as to make such a simple errand seem reasonable, but the policeman on duty that day evidently thought otherwise.

Being a hot, sunny afternoon I had left my tunics in the Garrison, and my red guernsey, which was lettered across the back with the line of the old old chorus, "I'm very glad I've joined 'em!" created some interest. This annoyed the policeman and he ordered me off. I went, but announced my "War Crys" in doing so, and, stopping to give a purchaser his change, I was roughly seized and shaken by the constable. Possessing my soul in patience, I quietly walked on and offered a "War Cry" to a passer-by. In a moment my friend in blue had seized me, and after a pretty violent handling, told me I was arrested.

Standing before the Sergeant's desk in the police station a few minutes later, I was amazed at the constable's inventive genius, but remembering that the angels of the Lord camp around them that fear Him, I kept silent. Just then the station door opened, and in walked a prosperous-looking city man, in a stove-pipe hat. Halting in front of the desk he tendered the Sergeant his card. With some austerity he was told to "stand aside till this case was finished."

"But it is in connection with this case that I want to leave my card," said the intruder.

The Sergeant seemed to have an inkling that a surprise was in store, and in a more pleasant tone asked the man what he wished to say.

"Merely this," repeated he, "I have never seen this Salvationist before to-day, but I was on Finsbury Pavement and saw the whole of this affair from start to finish; your constable caused all the trouble and used much violence without the least occasion, and I shall be at the court to-morrow morning to offer my evidence to that effect."

The Sergeant sensed the whole situation at once, and if indeed the words of my unexpected deliverer had wanted any support the guilty look on the constable's face spoke conclusively. In a moment I was receiving friendly assurances from the Sergeant that "an unfortunate mistake had been made," which he hoped I would "think no more about." Gladly assuring them all of my hearty goodwill I went out, and on the sidewalk found quite a little crowd of people who, having seen me dragged in, waited to see what came of it. Amongst those I readily sold what "Crys" I had left and made my way back to the Garrison, with a lively realization that if a man keeps his heart right with God no weapon formed against him shall prosper.

* * *

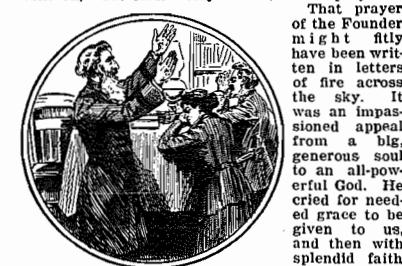
As unexpected as the proverbial bolt from the blue came an experience one Sunday afternoon when I was leading the open-air meeting at No. III, Jersey City, U.S.A. It was the day of small things, and numbers, whether of Comrades or listeners, were conspicuous by their absence. But a policeman on the beat viewed the little gathering as a serious offense, and ordered our instant dispersal. Knowing we were unquestionably within



While stationed in Copenhagen, Denmark, my wife and I had a big sorrow. Our only child died. And our grief was intensified by some difficulty in regard to her burial. Not being baptised, consecrated ground was not accessible to her. The fact that she had been dedicated according to our beloved Army ritual was counted as nothing by the censor of those things at that time.

Facing the alternative of having to take the little body across the frontier to find a grave, we called upon the Lord in the day of our trouble and He heard us. A kind-hearted Methodist minister, Pastor Schou, introduced himself and offered to bury our baby for us. He only had the right to bury members of his own congregation, but he would gladly officiate for us. We gratefully accepted his offer. The little coffin was borne to the cemetery followed by a small procession of Soldiers and Converts, and beside the grave we all stood, in silence, perfume, while the friendly pastor voiced the commitment and his benediction.

Time passed and the Founder paid his first visit to Scandinavia, staying in our Quarters in Copenhagen for several days. On the morning he was leaving he drew me aside and said tenderly, "Perry, you are still grieving over the loss of your girl." I could not deny it. His counsel was full of God-given wisdom and of comfort, and then he went on, "Get Mrs. Perry in and let us pray."



That prayer of the Founder might fly have been written in letters of fire across the sky. It was an impassioned appeal from a big, soulful, generous soul to an all-powerful God. He cried for needed grace to be given to us, and then with splendid faith went on to

thank Him that the grace needed was already ours, and promising for us that we would forget the things that were behind and push on with the fight for the Salvation of Denmark. Then with quiet confidence he prayed that if in God's good time, another little one should brighten our home, we might find a double joy in training it as an Officer to live for the Salvation of souls.

Two years after, when we were passing through London, England, to take up a fresh appointment in New York, the Founder, in the Congress Hall, dedicated another babe which had recently come to our home, and again prayed that she might become an Officer. Twenty years later at the close of one of the Founder's meetings in London he put his hand on the shoulder of that girl (now a Captain) and said, "The Lord bless you, my girl, I have heard of you in your Corps, how you go after the drunkard and the sinner. Go on with your work. God will bless you, and so will your General."

And now, years afterwards, that God-given daughter is, with her husband, Staff-Captain Robert Hoggard, and their four bonnie bairns, following The Flag in the Old Land, blessing and being blessed as the Founder foreshadowed.

Christmas

Happy morn,
When Christ the Saviour, promised
long,
Came, announced by Angel song,
Attended by a heavenly throng,
Hallelujah!

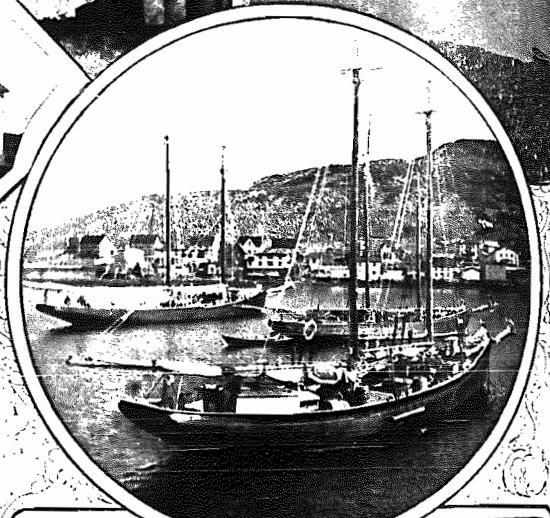
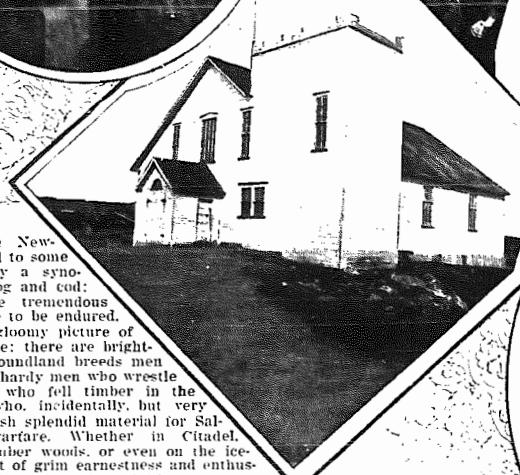
Eternal Word,
We celebrate Thy lowly birth
And matchless love with hymns of
praise,
For Thou didst come the low to
raise,
Hallelujah!

Loving Christ,
How rich Thou wast — how poor
became!
Great Son of God, meek Son of
man;
Repay Thee for Thy love who can?
Hallelujah!

Saviour mine,
Not to be served as royal son,
Nor for the righteous didst Thou
come,
But for men's sins Thou dost
atone,
Hallelujah!

Happy morn,
Loud our songs of praise we raise:
Christ has gladdened all our days,
Him we'll own in all our ways,
Hallelujah!

Newfoundland Glimpses



THE name Newfoundland to some is merely a synonym of fog, bog and cold; an isle where tremendous hardships have to be endured. But this is a gloomy picture of the Sea-girt Isle; there are brighter ones! Newfoundland breeds men of stout heart; hardy men who wrestle with the sea, who fell timber in the forests, and who, incidentally, but very certainly, furnish splendid material for Salvation Army warfare. Whether in Citadel home, ship, lumber woods, or even on the ice-fields, the spirit of grim earnestness and enthusiasm characterizes all their activities.

The following "glimpses" illustrate such characteristics as displayed in spiritual endeavor.

The Seal Fishery, one of the chief industries of Newfoundland, is undertaken each year, during the month of March, by hundreds of stalwart men. On the eastern coast of the Island, sometimes hundreds of miles from land, ships push their way through the frozen fields of ice in quest of seals that are carried southward by the Arctic Current. Great risks are undertaken and often serious mishaps occur.

Some time ago a fearful disaster overtook the crew of one of the sealing fleet. About one hundred men left their ship in the morning, with hopes of securing a good day's catch; but the day's search over the ice-fields proved unsuccessful. Night was approaching, and they were twelve miles from the ship, when a snow storm suddenly burst upon them, and in the raging blizzard they were unable to locate the ship's position. In the darkness the men huddled together, as best they could, on the frozen pans of ice.

To bring a little warmth, they smashed the handles of the gaffs, used in killing the seals, to light a fire. But this was soon extinguished by the wind and snow. Some of the company commenced running backward and forward to keep life in their benumbed limbs, while many, becoming practically frozen, gave up all hope of being rescued.

Two Salvation Army Soldiers, who throughout those hours were singing snatches of Salvation songs, decided to conduct a prayer meeting, and these on the bosom of the frozen ocean, 'midst the raging blizzard, and with the dying around them, these brave Salvationists pointed their comrades one by one to Christ, and many of them had joined the blood-washed throng before daybreak.

The dawn brought fresh hope to the survivors, but only for a while. There was no sign of any rescue ship, and as day wore on, it became evident that a second night would have to be spent on the fearful Arctic floes. The majority of the remaining men lost heart, many of them having been terribly frost-bitten the previous night. Although half-frozen themselves, the two Salvationists worked on, encouraging their companions by prayer and song throughout the second night. On the second morning, when help reached them, a few half-frozen men were left to tell the tale; but the two Salvationists had the joy of knowing that practically all of the sixty-eight men who had died, together with the few who were left, had accepted Christ.

A Salvationist, traveling by a Coastal steamer during August of the present year, with keen soul-saving discernment, spoke to one of the table stewards on spiritual matters. At the end of the day, the young man sought the cabin of the Salvationist and there made the confession of his wrong-doing, for he was addicted to many evil habits, and asked, "Is there any hope for me?" Kneeling in prayer, the penitent claimed forgiveness by faith, and determined to identify himself as a soldier of Christ.

A unique phase of The Army's work on the Island is the Day School system. Since 1902, when The Army first accepted the responsibility of training teachers and establishing day schools for the educating of its children, this important branch has made rapid progress, until to-day ninety day schools and school departments, under the supervision of efficient Officer-teachers, are dotted all over the Island. The spiritual influence exercised over the pupils in this manner cannot be over-estimated. The majority of Newfoundland's

young Officers received their first spiritual vision while attending these schools.

All Army buildings in Newfoundland have been erected by our Officers and Soldiers. Necessity is the impetus in each case.

The long coastline of Newfoundland renders necessary much traveling by water. Up to a few years ago great difficulty was experienced, as these trips had to be undertaken in rowing and sailing boats. Recently, however, several motor-boats have been acquired, the latest addition being the "Bramwell Booth," donated by the General. During the year upward of 400 miles have been covered in motor-boat and steamer by the Sub-Territorial Leaders, Colonel and Mrs. Cloud. The value of these tours to isolated settlements hitherto untouched cannot be overestimated.

At the present time thirty-nine splendid young men and women are being trained for Officership in the Training Garrison, St. John's.

ROBERT TILLEY, Major.

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All Editorial Communications should be addressed to the Editor.

The Reclamation of Carl, By Sylvia Morrison

AS CARL stepped on board the "Insulinde" at Rotterdam, Holland, all the world looked good to him. In spite of the fact that he was saying good-bye to his fond parents and sisters, he was happy and excited, for was he not starting out to make his way in the world?

Carl's parents had given him a good education, and, following his graduation, had secured for him, through the services of a friend, a position

as junior clerk in a large bank in Semarang, Dutch East Indies.

Java, one of the beautiful islands of the Dutch East Indies, belonging as it does to the homeland, has a great attraction for the Hollanders. How Carl had thrilled when listening to returned travelers telling stories of adventures in these sunny isles; of hunting wild pigs; of auto trips to the mountains; of visits to active and extinct volcanoes, and to the Sultan's palace with its dishes of gold, its hundreds of servants and the wonderful umbrella—the symbol of power! These things had fired his imagination more than any books of adventure he had read. It was small wonder then that he was excited on this morning of his departure for the land of his dreams.

Carl's parents were good, thrifty Hollanders; upright and honest. His mother had had many talks with her boy, offering him counsel and guidance, and he had assured her that he would make good. This he really meant, but, alas, he relied upon his own strength to carry out the resolution.

A month at sea was a great treat to the boy used to dykes and canals, and everybody on board was so jolly that Carl soon made friends.

When the ship arrived at Radang, Sumatra, Carl got some idea of the glories of these wonderful islands, and the tales he had heard were not exaggerated. What sights he saw! The natives, with their brightly-colored sarongs, or skirts, and the palms and tropical foliage were a feast for the eyes and not easily forgotten.

Arriving at Batavia, the Capital of Java, he was met by representatives of the Bank, and boarding the train, was soon at

Sumarang, his destination. It was six hours of delightful traveling for Carl. The natives at the depots selling food

—rice wrapped in b a n a n a leaves, cooked eggs, fried bananas and many other things — the tiny bamboo houses of the natives, some almost hidden by palms, the

quaint bamboo hats of the women, the turbans of the men, the water buffaloes plowing the rice-fields, and the terraces upon terraces waving rice were sights which all held profound interest for the new arrival.

It did not take Carl long to settle down to his work at the bank. But soon he grew tired of working all day in a tropical climate, with a shade temperature which was always in the eighties, and with no other diversion after office hours than sitting on the verandah swatting mosquitoes.

One evening, one of his office chums invited Carl to the "Societe," and he gladly went. Here he soon learned that to be a good fellow he must not only accept "treats," but also stand them, and Carl was too weak to resist. He became as gay as the gayest, spending night after night at the club, returning to the Pension, where he lived, in the early hours

of the morning, tired in body as well as in spirit.

But a life such as this could not be kept up on a salary of 400 guilders a month. What could he do? To write home for money was out of the question, for his thrifty Dutch parents had figured that he would save quite a little from his monthly salary. Why not borrow a little from the bank? The idea seemed a good one to poor deluded Carl, and with some careful manipulation, he took a little of the bank's money, intending some day to put it back.

The Russian Opera Star

But his expenses did not decrease, for he seemed utterly powerless to leave the gay life he was living. From bad, Carl went to worse.

One day the town was filled with the announcement of the coming of a Russian Opera Company. This was quite a sensation for Semarang. Carl and his friends were among the great crowd at the first performance. One night was not sufficient for Carl; each evening found him in an expensive seat; and not only to listen, but to feast his eyes on one special artiste whose singing had captivated him.

At length Carl got an introduction. The young lady, flattered that she had been sought out by this fine looking young man, gladly consented to see him after the opera.

For a week he lived in a dream. Bouquets and bon-bons were sent daily to the "star," while each evening they went to a hotel and stayed until the small hours of the morning. Carl just dreaded the day when his lady-love would be leaving the town for the next engagement. Perhaps he would see her no more!

No, he thought, I must make sure of her; I believe she loves me; I will marry her!

Flowers, bon-bons, hotel suppers, and opera seats were expensive, and money Carl felt he must have. The little thefts had never been discovered; why not try something larger? So Carl, who had commenced with such bright prospects, yielded to temptation, and cleverly forged a cheque for several thousand guilders.

The Dutch law will not permit a young man under thirty years of age to marry without his parents' consent, or the Government's permission, so Carl found himself up against a real difficulty. "Well," said the young artiste, "if you really want to marry me, follow our company to Manila and we can be married there." This he did, and the two were married by a Justice of the Peace.

The Arm of the Law

But Carl was not at ease. Supposing the bank found out his forgery! With these dread apprehensions haunting him, he persuaded his bride to break her contract and go with him to Hong Kong, from which port they could take a boat to the United States.

Reaching Hong Kong safely, they were just mounting the ship's gangway, when the long arm of the law reached Carl. A detective tapped him on the arm and quietly told him he was wanted. The bride looked from the detective to Carl, and saw in his pale face a confirmation of her worst fears. He, in a few words, admitted to her his wrong, and that the money he had been spending so lavishly was not his own.

Carl begged her forgiveness, and after the first shock, she loyally stood by him, exclaiming, "I am partly to blame for accepting so many presents. Seeing our passage is booked, I will go on and get work and wait for you."

The police took Carl back to Semarang, where he was tried and convicted, and on Christmas morning of 1922 he was, with thirteen other men, in the Semarang prison awaiting sentence.

The days that followed were times of chagrin, regret and remorse. Carl thought almost continually about his foolhardy capers. He had had his fling. "Wine, women and song" had proved his downfall. What a fool he had been! Whatever beguiled him into thinking his dishonesty would not be discovered? Oh, for freedom once more! What wouldn't he give for another chance in life! This imprisonment—it would drive him crazy. What would the end be? In the next chapter we shall see.



CHAPTER II.

The Salvation Army Officers in charge of the Beggar Colony in Semarang, in addition to their many other duties, conduct meetings one Sunday morning of each month in the European prison.

These meetings are eagerly anticipated by the prisoners, and while attendance is not compulsory, the Hall, with The Army Flag and the Founder's portrait in prominent places, is usually well filled. Quite a little Corps has been formed of the prisoners who have professed conversion, these Comrades wearing their ribbon or shield. Officers visiting Semarang and the Officers stationed at the various institutions find it a great pleasure to speak to the men prisoners.

The telephone rang at the William Booth Eye Hospital. The Officer from the Beggar Colony was at the other end of the wire. "Would the Doctor's wife conduct the prison services on Christmas morning?" asked he, adding, "The Prison Governor has given permission for two services, one for some special prisoners who are not allowed to mix with the other men."

The Doctor's wife was only too pleased to consent, and, accompanied by two other Officers, she made her way early on Christmas morning to the prison.

The hall where the meetings are held was suitably decorated, and the orchestra played beautiful carols, while the prisoners sang fervently the old songs that make hearts tender and eyes moist.

When the service was over, a feeling of intensity possessed the Officers as the warden led the way to the second meeting, which was to be held with a special group of men. Were they murderers or violent characters that they must be kept apart from the other men? These, and many other thoughts passed through the minds of the Officers as the warden stopped and turned the key in a large door which admitted them into a court.

What a surprise! Instead of rough-looking, dangerous villains in prison garb, fourteen well-dressed



"The long arm of the law
reached Carl"

men rose to meet the visitors. These men were awaiting sentence, and this was the reason for their separation.

Following the singing, the testimonies and the Bible reading, the Doctor's wife asked how many of the men were really sorry for their sins and



"Thank you for the words of hope"

About nine months after his conversion there was celebrated the Queen of Holland's birthday—a day observed as a holiday—and upon which a number of prisoners possessing good conduct stripes were to be released in honor of the occasion. The Officer in charge of the Beggar Colony,

who always goes to the prison to meet the fortunate ones who are given their freedom, was there as usual, and judge his pleasure when the doors swung open and one of the first to step out was our friend Carl. He later said, "I thank God He ever allowed me to go to prison. There I had time to think, to consider my ways, and I have found the right way."

The Officer accompanied Carl to the station and saw him on the train for Batavia.

Two weeks after his departure, the Doctor's wife was descending the gangway of a ship, when, looking up, she saw on the deck, Carl. Eagerly making his way to her, the reclaimed wanderer exclaimed, "I heard you were leaving by this boat and came down to again thank you for the words of hope you spoke to me in prison."

With joy Carl told how he expected to go to San Francisco to join his wife, and of how he was looking forward to becoming a real Blood-and-Fire Soldier in The Salvation Army.

TURN DOWN THE LIGHTS

TWAS on a bleak Canadian coast, One stormy Christmas night, A lighthouse, far above the sea, Sent out its brilliant light. A raging wind blew from the north, The snow fell thick and fast, The roaring of the sea was heard Above the howling blast.

As night wore on, the storm increased, The sea-birds flew in dread, And crashed against the lighthouse tower, Where many a one fell dead. The wild wind swept the tower cliff With e'er increasing might; The lighthouse quivered in its grasp Up on the rocky height.

A lad approached the keeper's side, His face was grave and pale, "Oh sir, shall I turn down the lights In this terrific gale? The tower is shaking badly, sir, I fear it soon will fall; And maybe set the house on fire, And quickly burn up all."

"Turn down the lights, I hear you say?" The keeper made reply. "Ah, no, my lad, we'll let them burn, And on our God rely. Turn down the lights in such a storm, When the angry billows roar, And some good ship, with souls on board, May strike this rocky shore!"

"Turn down the lights? No, no, my lad! Despite the raging blast They must be seen far on the sea While this dark night shall last. They must burn brightly in that tower While yet the tower stands, And if it falls, God will preserve, For we are in His hands."

The fierce wind raged all through the night, And hissed, and howled and groaned, And in the fissures of the rocks It wildly sobbed and moaned; It madly shook the lighthouse tower, And beat its glassy wall, But yet, amid its fearful wrath, The tower did not fall.

A Christmas Incident

By P. N. ESNOUF

When morning dawned, the tempest ceased, The breakers still did roar, The keeper, with an anxious face, Looked down along the shore. He scanned the sea, but to his joy No wrecks were near in sight, His light had saved the lives of men That stormy Christmas night.

Brave keeper of the light of God, Along life's rocky shore, Does your light shine in darkest nights, When storms around you roar? Oh, think that on the sea of sin Are many precious souls, Who, if unguided by your light, Will perish on the shoals.

Then let God's light burn in your heart With e'er increasing power, And never, never turn it down In any evil hour. And when at last you're called beyond, Where storms are never known, You'll shine for ever as the stars, Around God's glorious throne.

anxious to take the Lord Jesus, whose birthday they were commemorating, as their Saviour. The whole fourteen, several with tears streaming down their faces, raised their hands. Then a fine, good-looking young man arose and asked in good English whether the visitors would not come and see them every Sunday. It was Carl.

The Officers saw him often after this. He became their translator, and one Sunday, when the invitation was given, he was the first to kneel at the mercy-seat.

Carl's conversion was real. His life was changed. The Governor of the prison made him a teacher of English to the other men. When translating for the Officers there was a new ring in his voice, for he said, "Now I have the experience, I understand better what I am translating."

Editorial Notes

CHRISTMAS has again stolen upon us. It comes as a most welcome visitor—perhaps the most welcome of all the year's high days and festivals. Christmas stands for happiness—real and lasting. It commemorates a momentous event in man's history about which the Herald Angels had need sing anthems of praise. The coming of Christ means that life can be the portion of every human dead in trespasses and sin. So the Christ follower has cause enough for gladness. And his joy is not that of the worldling, which is merely inspired by the season's mundane decorations; his is the pure joy which the Babe of Bethlehem came to bring—radiant gladness which springs from the heart at peace with God. May such be the glad portion of every reader this Yuletide.

THIS SPECIAL ISSUE of "The War Cry" will become the most traveled of the fifty-two issues sent to the country during the year. Before it has been off the printing machines many hours it will be found in cities and towns scattered far and near over our widely-flung Territory. But the Territorial confines will be far too small to satisfy the zealous activities of our far-traveling Salvation-spreader. It will wing its way to the corners of the earth where, in The Army's distant outposts, brave Comrades of the Land of the Maple Leaf labor to spread the fame of the Lowly Man of Galilee. Yes, this Christmas issue will journey far, and it is sent out with the prayer that it will accomplish much fruitful work for the cause which all true followers of the King of kings hold dear.

REVIEWING the months which have elapsed since our last Christmas number was produced, we dwell upon the great amount of good which has been accomplished under our Flag in this Territory of Canada East, work which has encompassed practically every phase of human need. We think also of the contribution in blood and bullion for the Salvation of those who dwell in non-Christian lands, and we link these outstanding achievements with the very definite move forward registered in every one of our departments of service. The result, in toto, provokes exultancy of spirit and we exclaim with gladness, "What great things have been wrought in the name and in the power of Him Whom we serve." With faith and work, 1926 will see yet bigger things! God expects it. The need demands it. Salvationists of Canada East Territory will not fail. Advance!

HOW DEFINITELY our great Organization continues to meet the needs of all classes and all conditions of humanity. The word "hopeless" does not appear in the vocabulary of the Salvationist. He believes there is hope for every man, woman and child, whether it applies to their spiritual or to their social conditions—undying hope because of The Army's faith in a living, miracle-working God. Its endeavor is ever directed towards changing the hearts of men. This is its master remedy—it offers no other—for curing the world's ills. Oh, that the world would understand and be healed! What changes! What a banishment of sorrow and suffering, of hatred and tragedy, of jealousies and misunderstandings! What a coming of "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men!"

AT THIS TIME of the year, we would desire to express our heartfelt gratitude to all who during the past year have given us their loyalty and support. First of all, we remember our correspondents who, week after week, without fee or reward, help to fill our columns with live news from ever part of the battlefield. Without their aid "The War Cry" would lose some of its most interesting news items. And we can never forget the still larger regiment of heralds. What a sphere of usefulness is theirs! What numbers of sin-led souls have found better pursuits through the good old "Cry," placed into their hands by Army heralds! What a long journey is theirs each year in making their repeated visits to the dwelling of the citizen, the lonely prairie homestead, the humble fisherman's cottage, the lumber camp! Heaven will reward them!

IN REMARKING once again the Christmas activities on behalf of the less well favored, we are reminded of The Army's practical touch. While seeking to get at the hearts of men, it does not forget the needs of the body. So we find, apart from the centres of purely spiritual activity, Institutions in both hemispheres where the needy are fed, the homeless are housed, derelict women find harborage, wronged and orphaned children are mothered, ex-criminals are aided, husbandless mothers are cared for, inebriates are helped into paths of sobriety and service—men find a home away from home. This Christmas will witness manifold Army enterprises undertaken in the name of The Sympathizing Man of Galilee. What better way of celebrating Christ's birth than by ministering thus to those Whom He came to seek and to save? And the heart which brings joy to others ever thrills with the glad-someness which such service brings.

